

db J. BRIAN PRESENTS

Ben Anthony's

BeefCake!

no. 2

\$5





J. BRIAN PRESENTS

Bob Anthony's

BeefCake!

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J. BRIAN PRESENTS BOB ANTHONY'S BEEFCAKE NO. 2

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a portfolio from ALL-STAR STUDIO
Starting off with Fabulous

ROY FULLER





Jack Wolf
by All Star





ALL STAR'S
**Allan
Johnson**





Danny
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SOME OF THESE DAYS

by Phil Andros

Phil Andros' first novel STUD is now published by J. Brian Enterprises. STUD is autobiographical, about Phil's own adventures as a hustler. This new story by Phil Andros concerns another hustler, Howard in Chicago and a different kind of adventure.



They came out of the little sandwich shop near the water-tower, and the guy who had bought him the sandwich turned tentatively towards Michigan Avenue.

"Well, g'bye, Howard," the guy said, and stuck out his hand. Howard extracted one large big-veined hand from his hip pocket, and shook the guy's hand. He smiled a sour smile. "Sure you can't spare a couple bucks?" he said.

They guy shook his head. "Sorry," he said, and started away. Then he said, "Good luck," and walked rapidly towards the Avenue.

Howard Jenks shrugged, and walked to the shop window behind him. A chill November wind blew through the thin weave of his worn levis. He stuck his hands back in his hip pockets, thrust his loins forward in the hustler's slouch, and scowled under his thick, black brows at the drawing-boards and T-squares in the window. His black leather jacket was zippered halfway up, and he had no shirt or undershirt on; the black, curly hair of his chest escaped in a thick mat from the opening of his jacket. His motorcycle cap was tilted on the back of his head. His engineer's boots were planted well apart on the sidewalk, and the icy light of the street's arc-lamps picked out the glitter of buckle and chain across the instep, the half-dozen chrome zippers on his jacket, and the sprinkling of bright stars and studs set into the black leather. Howard was a hustler. Under the tight-curl'd black hair growing low on his neck and forehead (handsome as a classical sculpture), behind the black eyes narrowed under the thick, black brows that grew together in the middle, and diagonally above the straight and well-shaped nose and full and sexual lips, the brain of Howard Jenks stirred in its skull-pan, three pounds of dimly conscious meat that sent him a total of four urges: food, money, liquor, and sex. And of these four, Howard used the last to earn himself the other three. He was long-legged and lean, a thing of glitter and clank when he moved, and the fruits brightened with the lust of possession when they saw him.

But right then he was angry, and the slow vague churning of his brain sent through to his

ungrammatical consciousness a small soliloquy: Sure had t'goddamn fruiter picked, okay. Nen all t'bastid buys me's a sannich. Too friggin' wise to do more'n dat. Bet he gotta swell pad onna Gold Coast. Coulda took t'mudder for a pile oncet I got inna place. Bastid mudder...

The double shop window was divided by an entrance door set at the back of a deep vestibule between the windows. Suddenly Howard caught a glimpse of movement by the recessed entrance; a dark figure, swaying slightly, watched him through the angled glass. Howard stiffened. He took his right hand slowly out of his hip pocket and cupped it over his crotch, rubbing it in a small circular movement.

The guy came out of the shadowed well of the entrance. He was thin and pale of face. Howard could tell that he had been drinking. The thin guy started to go past him, and staggered a little. Howard put out a hand and took hold of his arm.

"Man," he said. "You carryin' a load. You drunk, ain'tcha?"

The guy swayed uncertainly. "S-sure... am... Howard," he said, and grinned a little foolishly, unfocused, up into the handsome face.

"Howja know my nome?" Howard asked.

"Me?" said the guy. "Oh, I know ever'body's name."

"T'hell you do," said Howard, but he was friendly. His white teeth gleamed in a frosty smile. That was the way to catch these goddamn queers. Sure, the bastid heard that other guy call him Howard when they came out of the sannich shop.

"Well, what's your name?"

"Mine?" The guy looked vague. "Oh... it's Mark. Mark," he repeated.

"Shake, buddy," Howard transferred his hand on the guy's arm, and gripped Mark's hand tightly, crushing it. Give 'em a little smile, a tough-guy handshake, call 'em 'buddy', and they melted. Mark! Howard grinned to himself. A mark, okay. A score, a john, all set up for a knockdown.

"Is that really your name?" Mark said.

"Sure t'ing. Look, see here." He flipped a much-worn draft-card out of his pocket. "See? See here?" It was made out to Howard Huffman Griffin, born 1945. No use tellin' the guy he'd swiped it. No use a tall. And the first names was the same.

"I want a drink," said the guy. "How about you?"

"Okay by me," Howard said. The guy dint look like he could take a heluva lot more. It was always a damn sight easier if they was drunk and dint know what they was doin'.

"How's about dis place?" Howard said.

"All... right." They went into a small tavern on a side street.

"What'll... you have?" said the Mark guy.

"Oh, gimme a beer."

"Nothing stronger... than that?" the guy said.

"Have some whiskey."

"Okay, okay. Just t'ing fer a cold night."

"Two bubble whickeys," said the guy. "I mean... double whickeys."

Howard showed his teeth again in a laugh. "Double? Jesus, dat'll make me drunk." But it wouldn't. I ate dat sannich. Dat'll keep me sober. Hell, anyway. Me who kin drink a pint without battin' a eye. The bartender put the whickeys down on the bar, and the guy took out a wallet to pay for them. Howard looked out of the corner of his thick-lashed eye. His heart thudded. The plan took shape in his head. Either the guy would ask him to stay all night some place, or he could pull the old one about hitchhiking to California and no place to stay. He grew more friendly and slid his hard muscled thigh alongside Mark's, moving it up and down a little. Maybe he'd better not pull the California line unless the guy dint say nothin' about a party. The guy looked cagey, but hell, bein' drunk...

"You live in Chicago?" asked the guy.

"I'm here a couple weeks," said Howard. Later on he could say there was no room at his buddy's, he'd haveta sleep onna floor. Or maybe if nothin' else happened he'd walk the guy over to Bughouse Square and give 'im a clip onna jaw when they got to a dark place. Maybe dat'd be better anyway.

"Have another," the guy said.

"Okay. But only a single." The bartender sat the drinks down, and put a bowl of shrimps in front of them.

"Shrimps!" said Mark. "God how I love 'em!"

"Howja eat 'em?" asked Howard suspiciously.

"Like this." Mark broke off the head and tail, and pinched out the feelers and the dark line down the back. Then he ate it.

"Looks like fun," said Howard. He took one.

"It is," the guy said. "And you like fun, I suppose," he said after a minute.

Howard got it. He didn't look at the guy—just went on peelin' shrimp. "Sure," he said. "I like any ole t'ing." Bet that gave the guy a hot flash.

The guy dint say anything for a minute. Then he said: "What're you doing tonight?"

"Oh..." He lifted his shoulder. "Nuttin'. Just lookin' around... fer a lil fun."

"Me too. Got a place to stay?"

"Oh, sorta. 'Cept the house is full and I gotta sleep onna floor."

"Well—" said the guy, and then he stopped and took a deep breath and dint say anything. Looked like he was havin' a hard time makin' up his mind. Then he went on: "Tell you what, I'm awful drunk. Ought to go somewhere and sleep it off for a while."

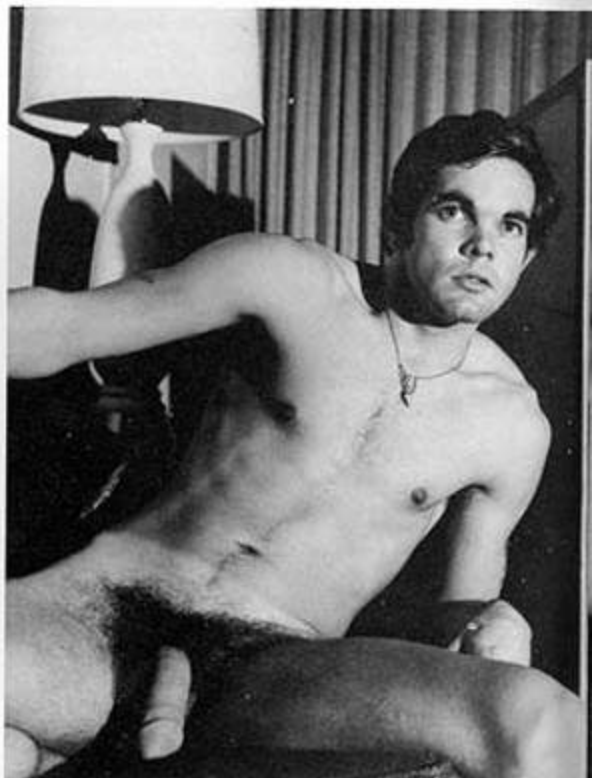
Howard smiled. "We could getta room in a flophouse on Clark Street. Nen you could sleep it off and I could stay after you went out," he suggested hopefully. That was the way to do it. They guy would probly pass out.

"Okay, let's... go."

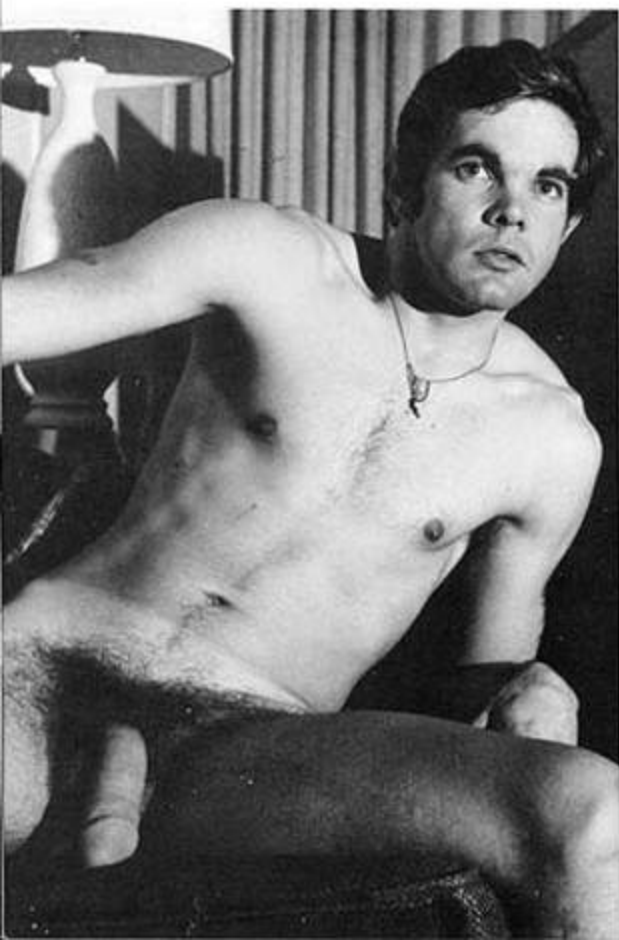
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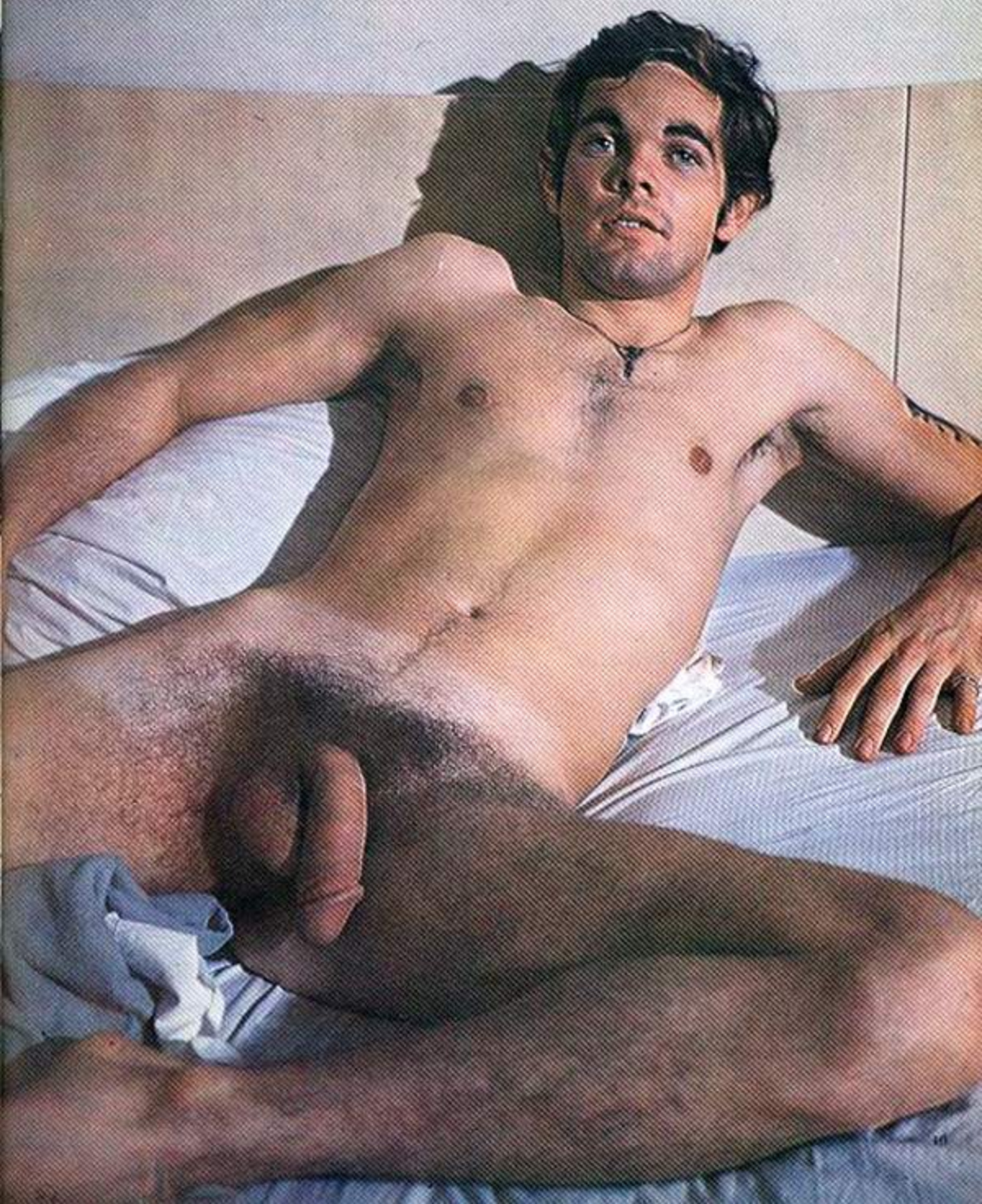
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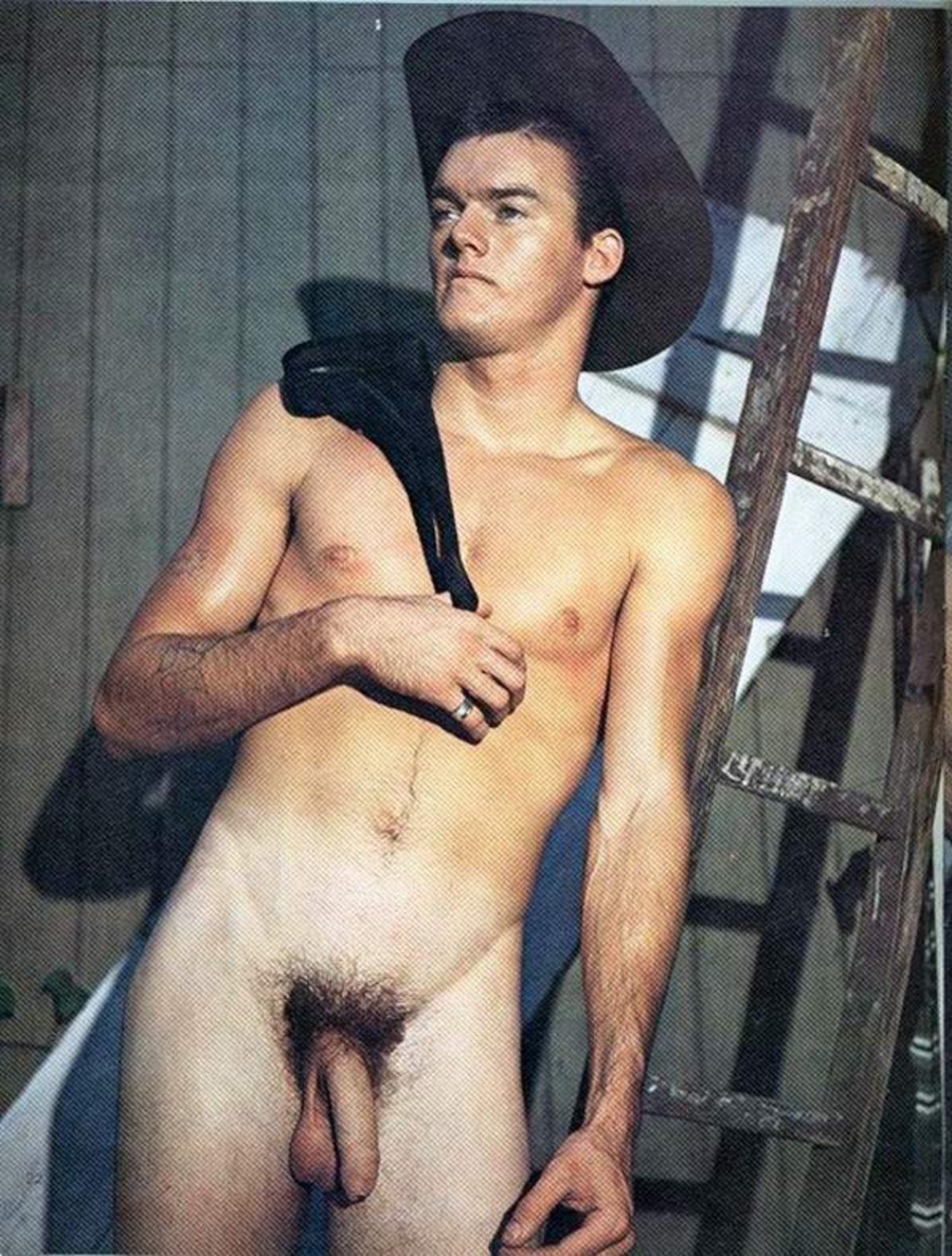


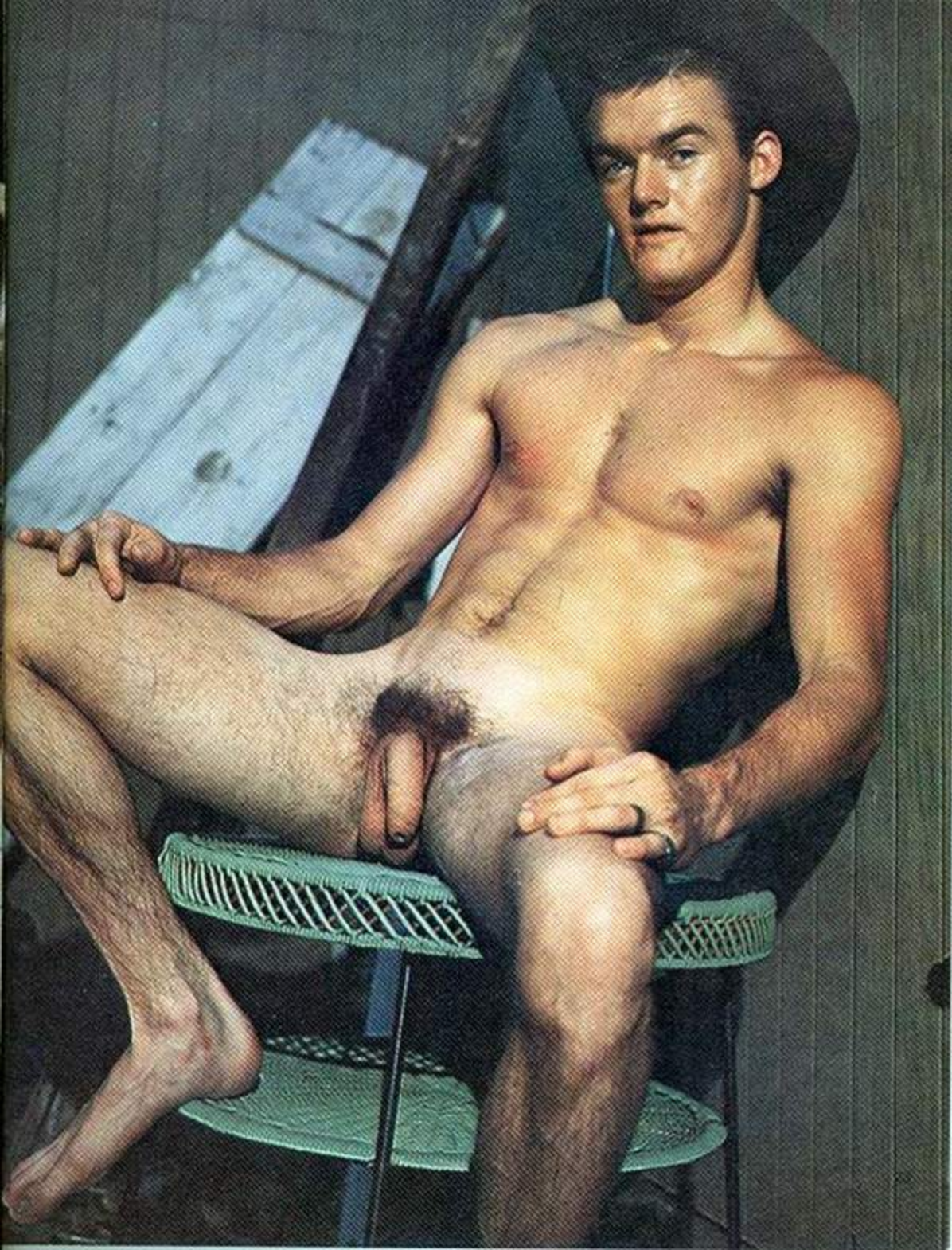


Bill
Handle



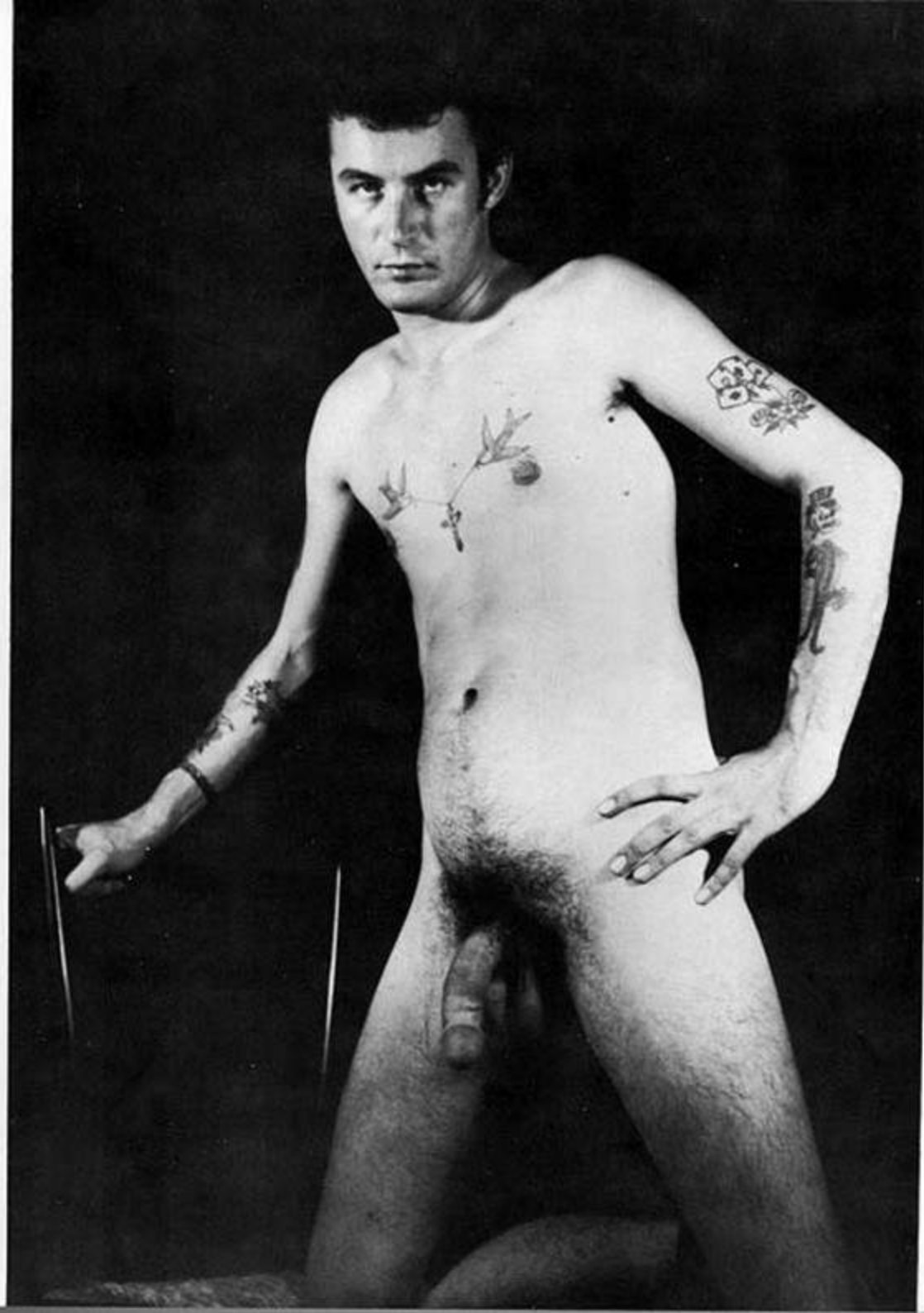


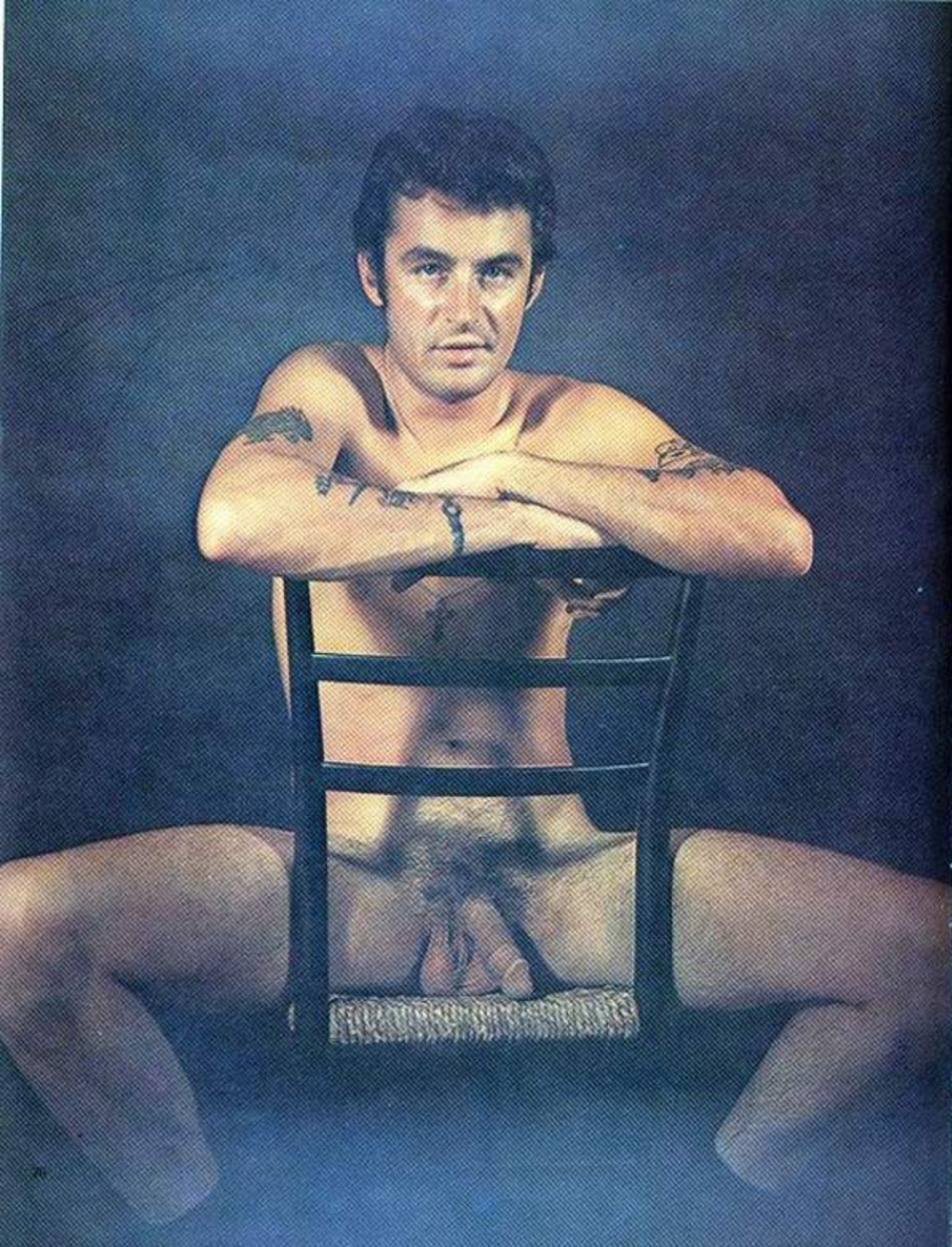




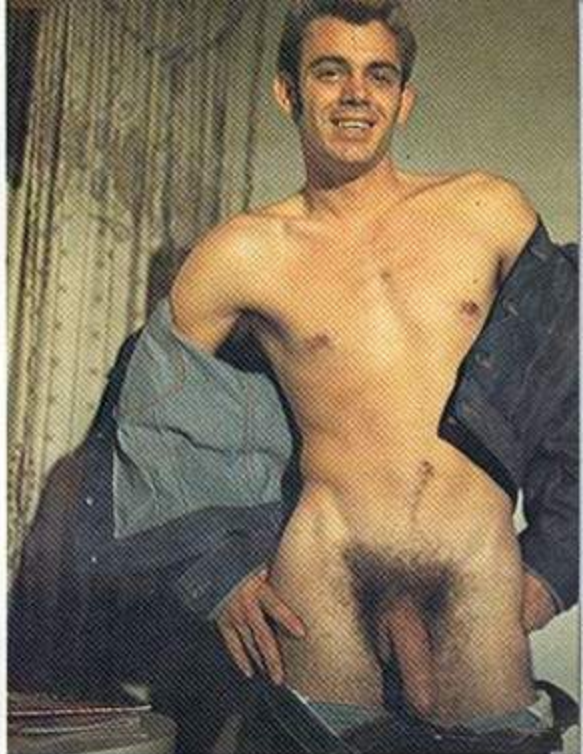
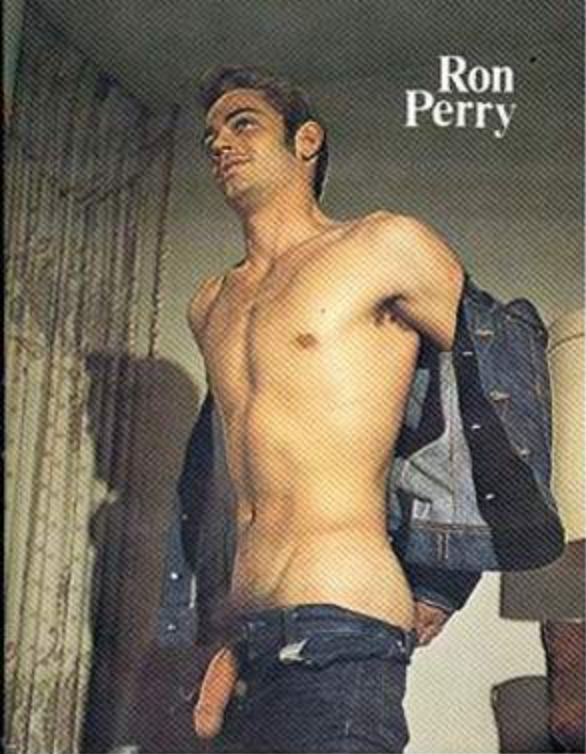
Tony
Lance

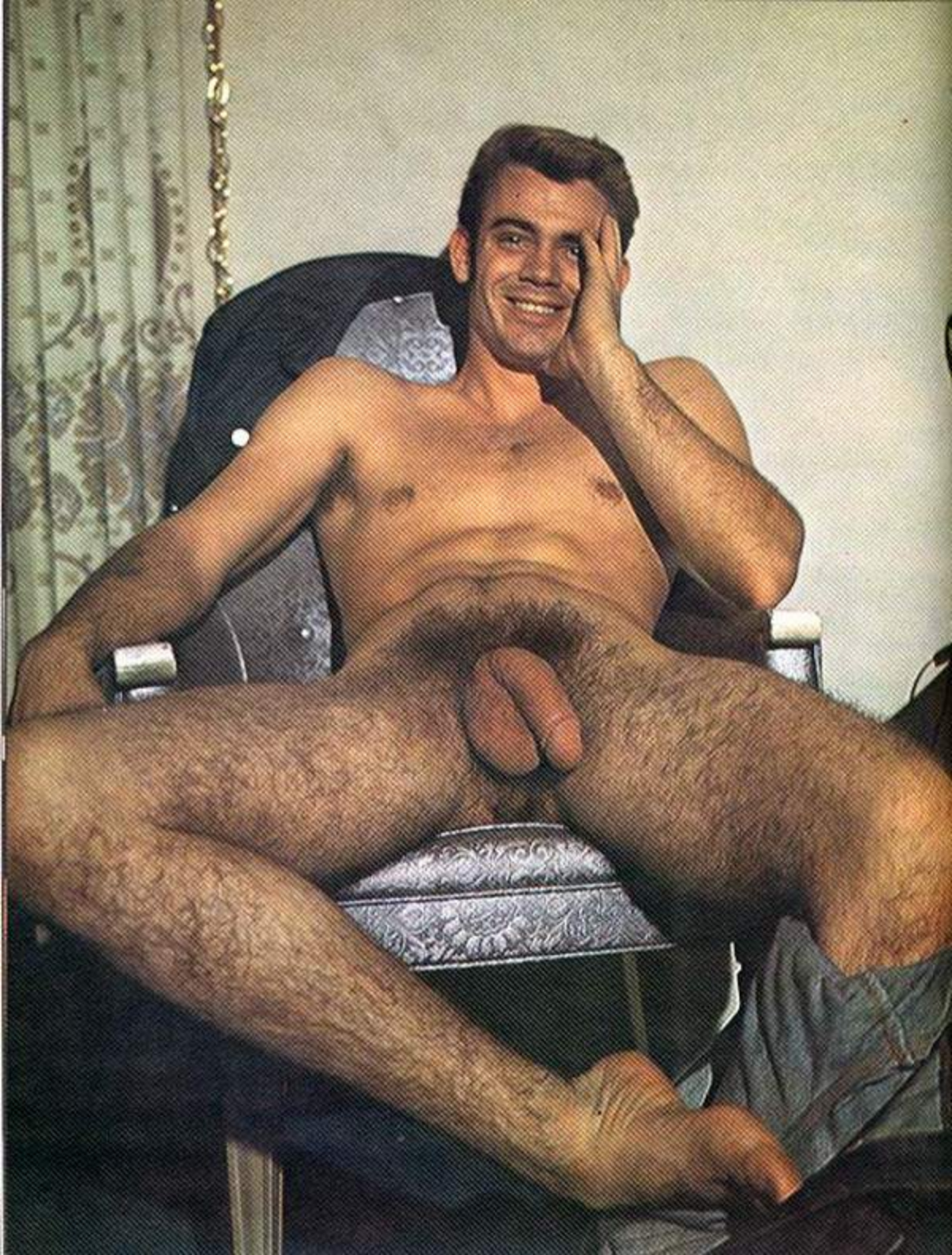


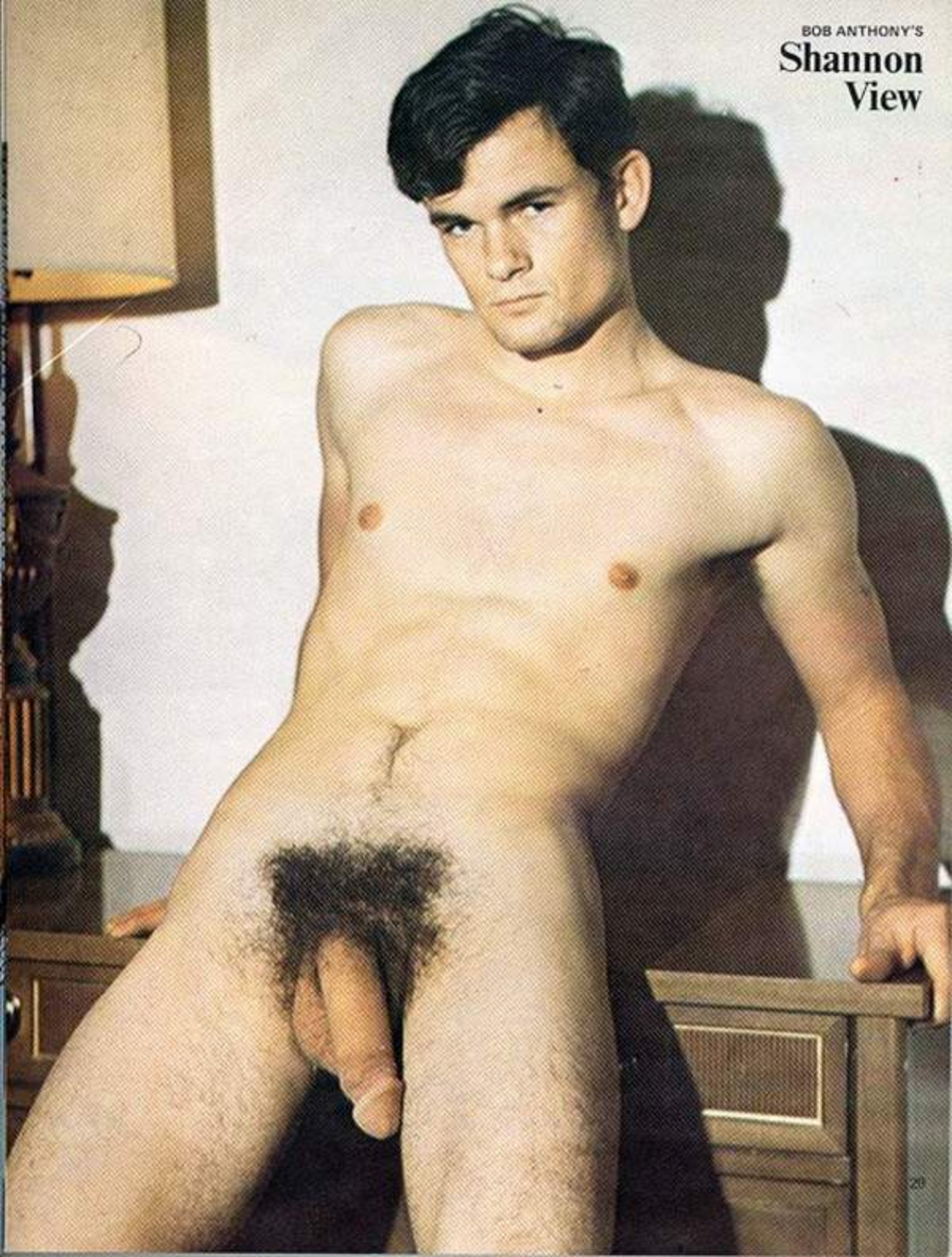


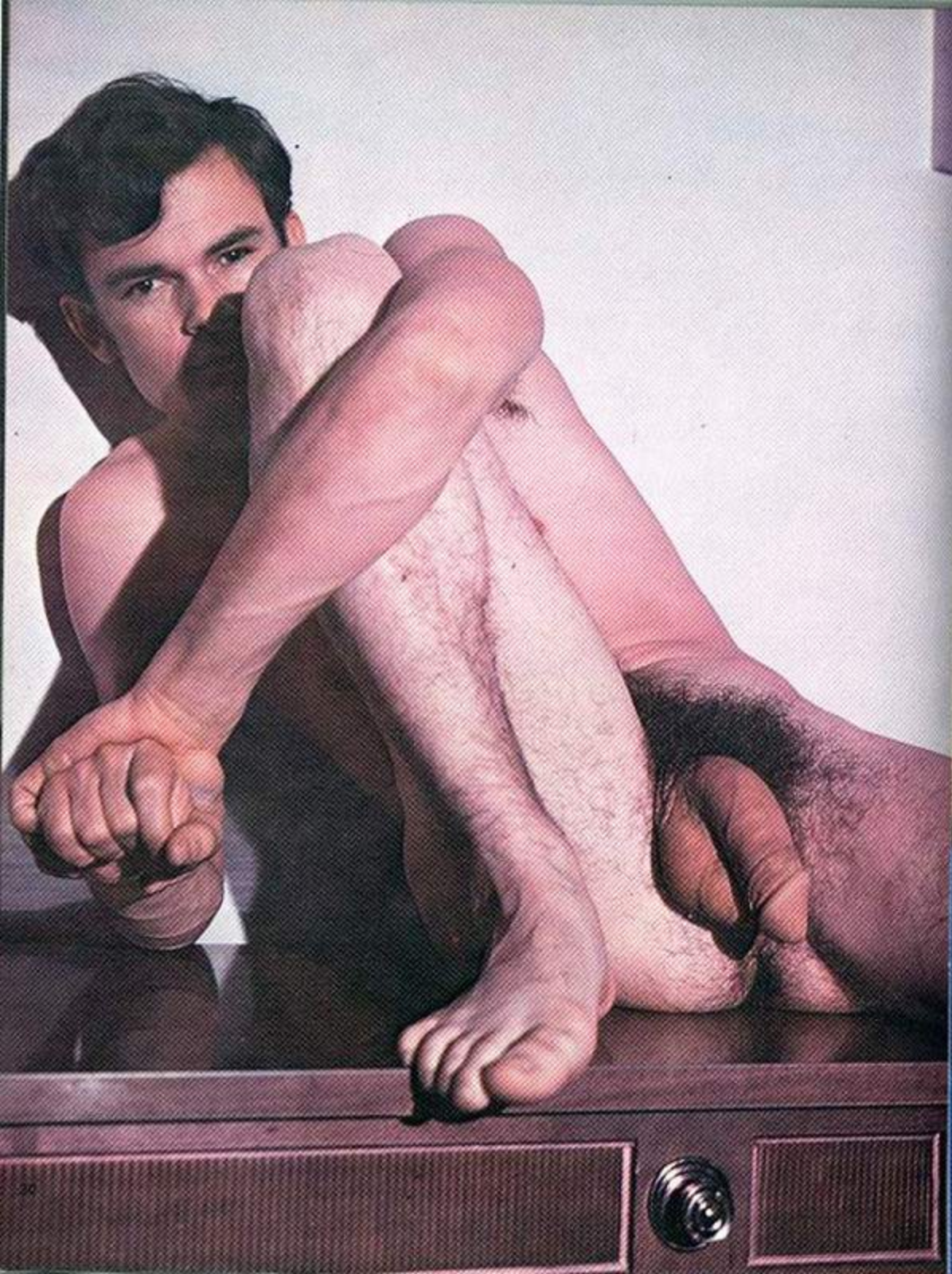


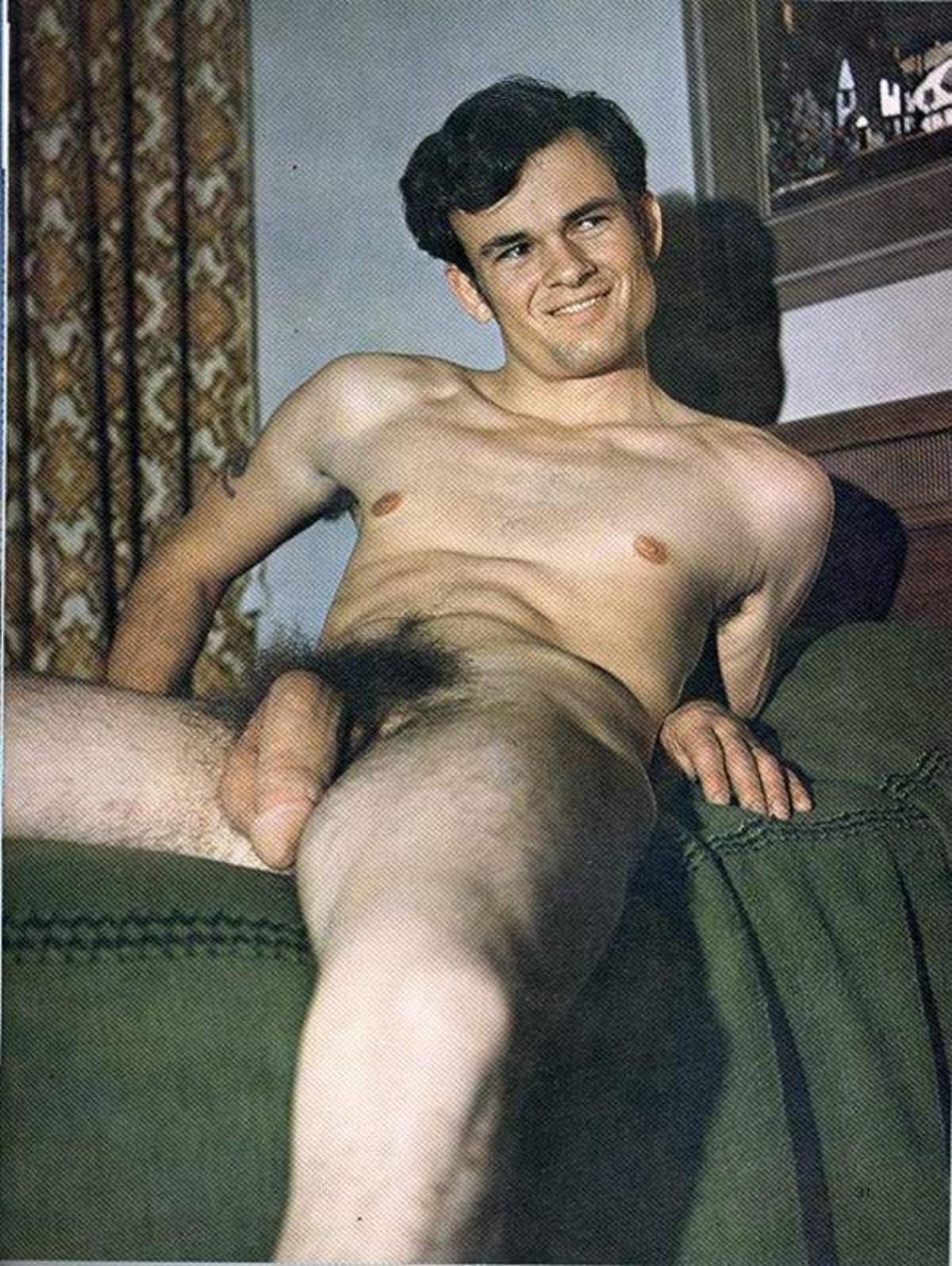
Ron
Perry

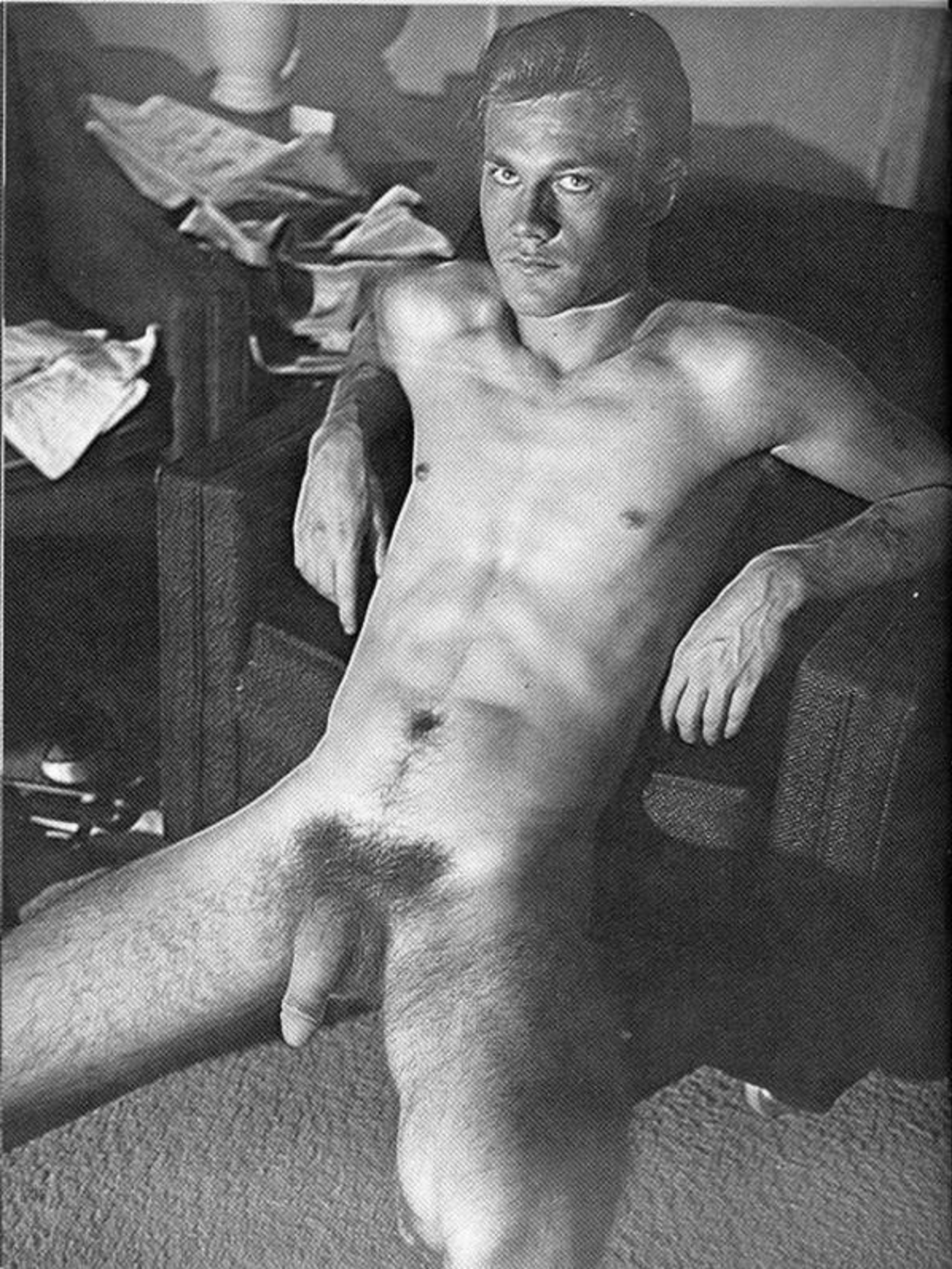












CENTERSPREAD **James
Roberts**







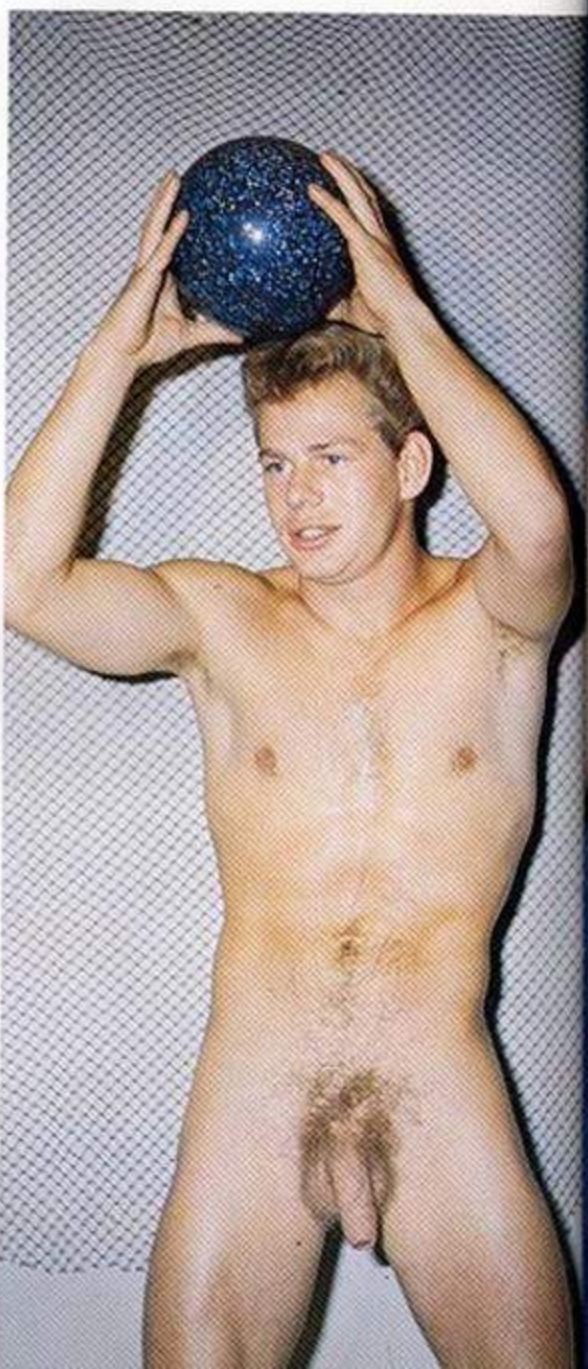
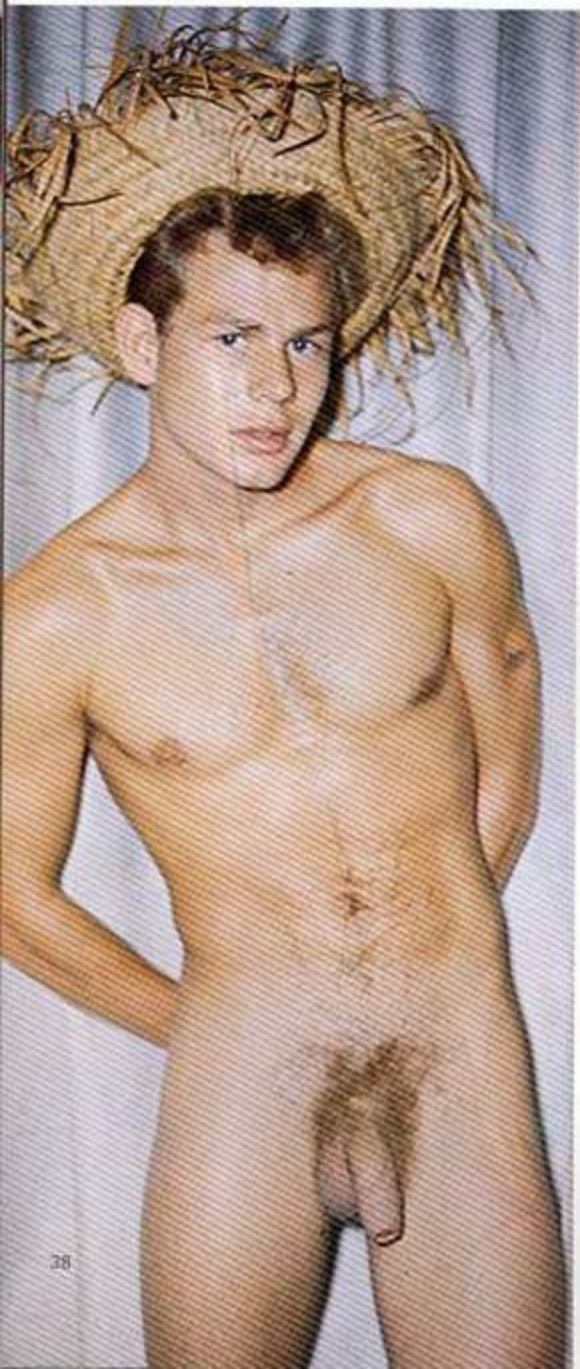
**Jim
Roach**

BY BOB ANTHONY



BOBCO

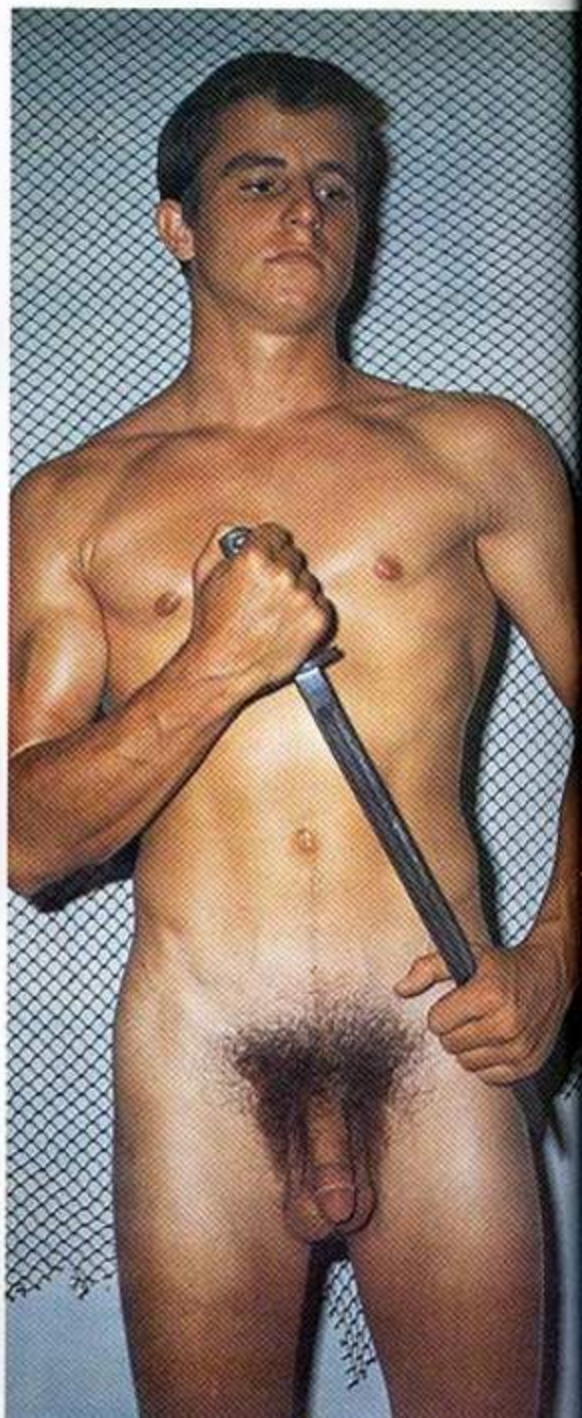
has done it again. We had great doubts that they could get models which equalled or topped their previous models, but these pages show the evidence. These models are fantastic!



Peter
Hayes



BOBCO'S
**Joel
Adams**









**Steve
Pryor**

BY BOBCO





Bob Anthony's
Coverboy **AL DILLON**





FRANKLIN STUDIO

is a relatively new studio;
however, we feel that their work
is as good if not better than many of
the well established studios.

In this issue of BEEFCAKE No. 2,
we are presenting a sampling of their
work to show you exactly
what we mean.



Gar
Sc



BILL TAYLOR



FRANK PIERCE

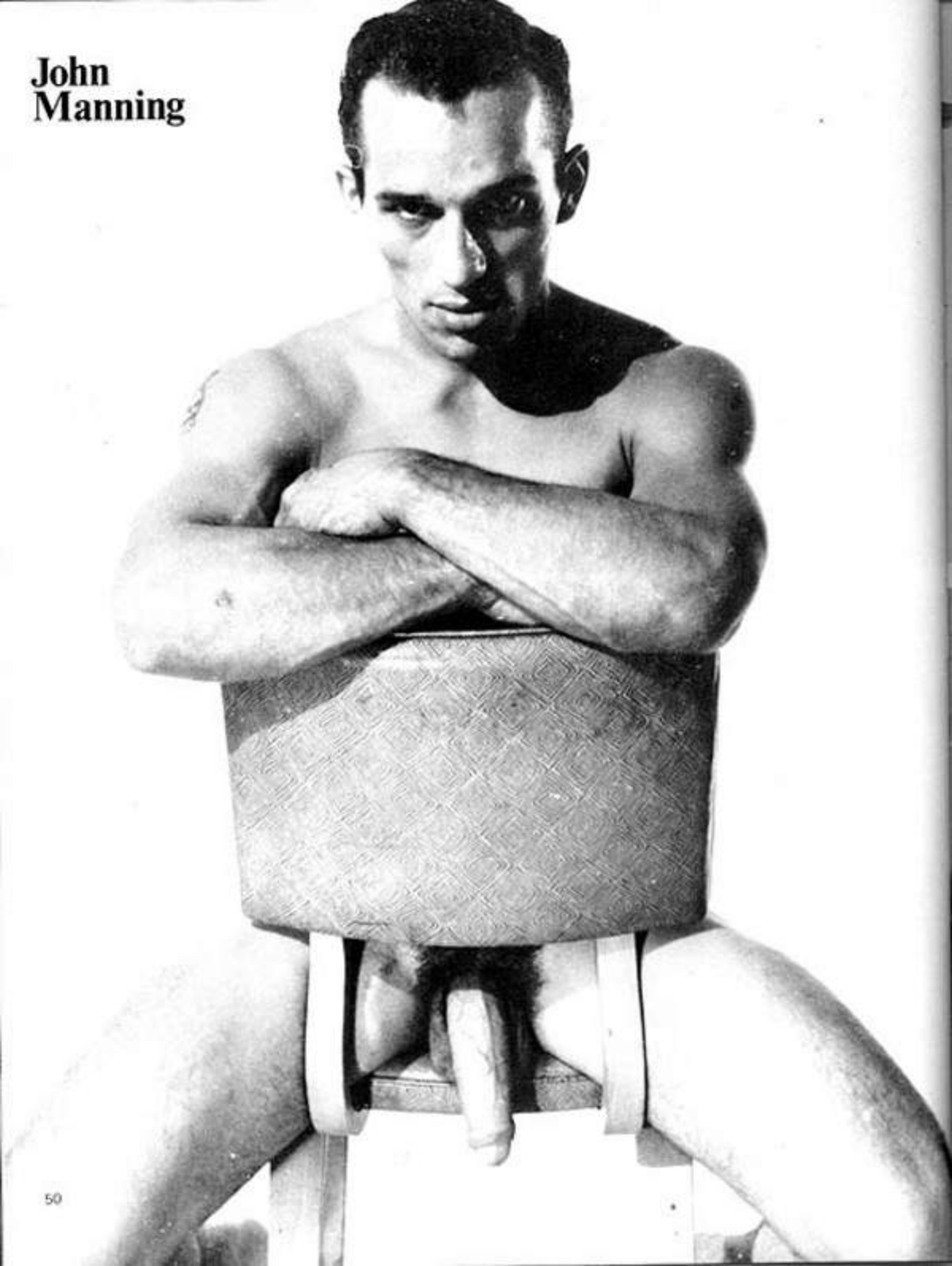


GARY SCOTT



CHUCK LARY

**John
Manning**





OSCAR PALAMINO



LYLE STANLEY



BILL TAYLOR



BILL LONGFELLOW

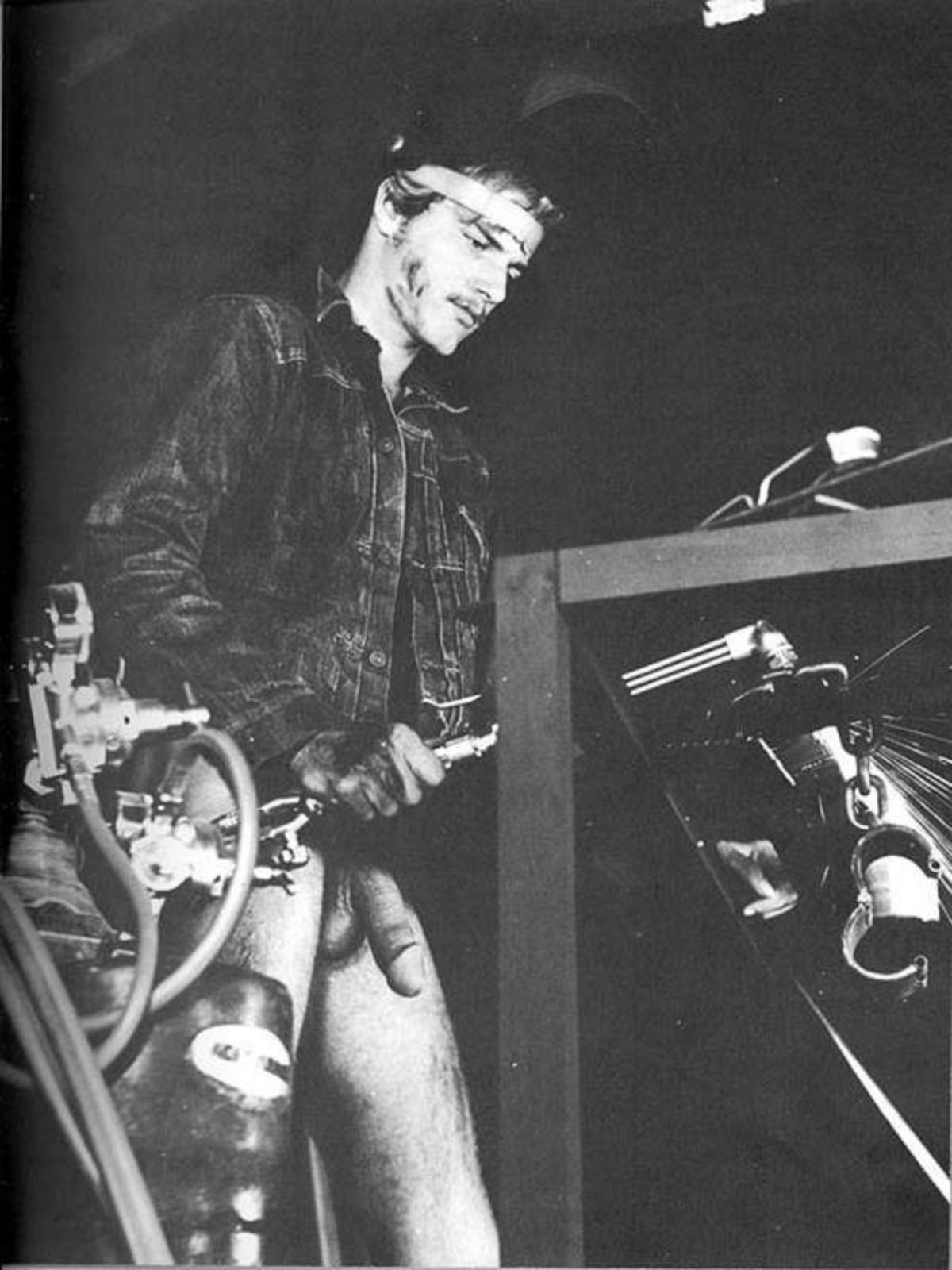
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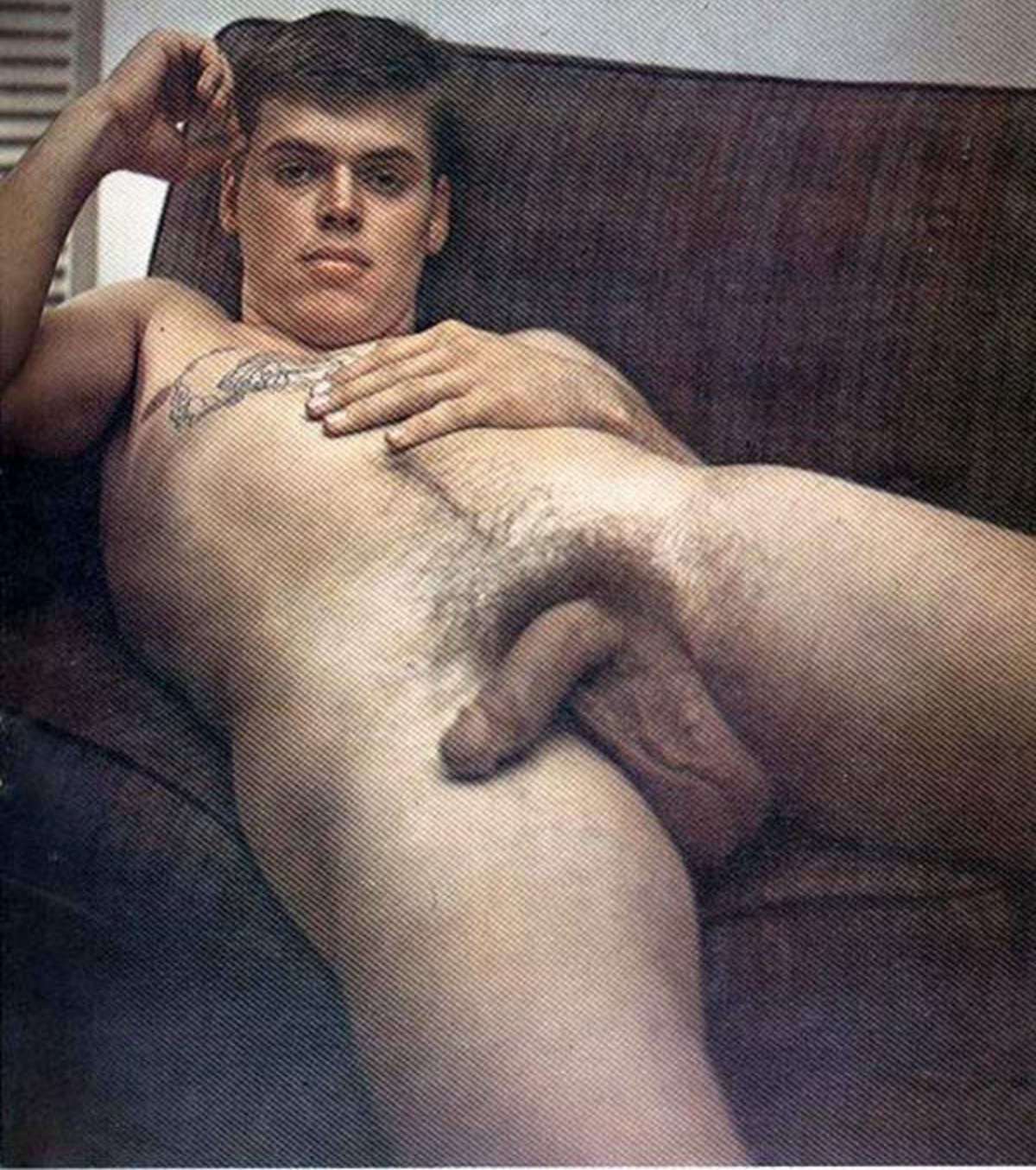
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Al
Montgomery



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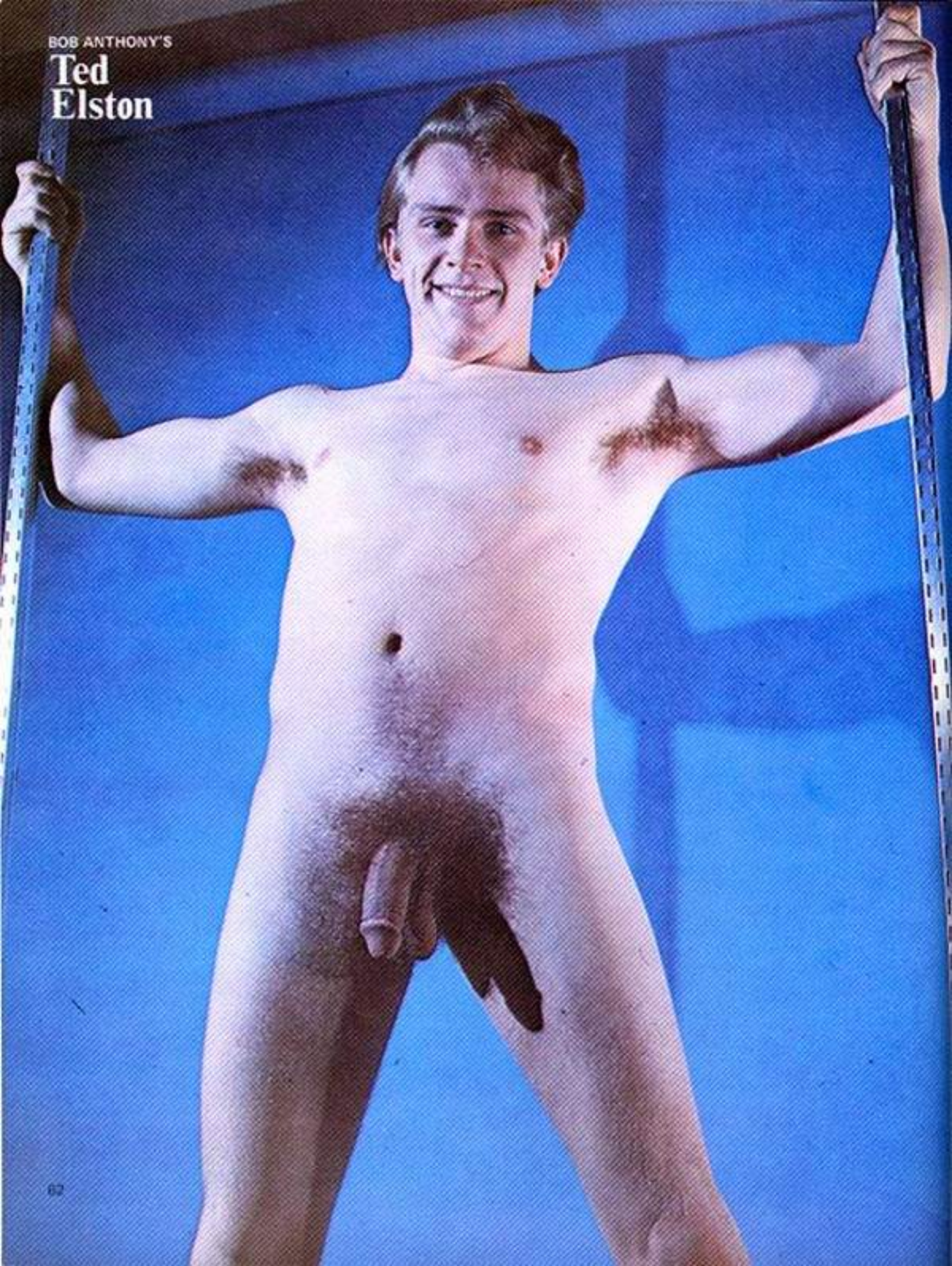
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They went out. Howard felt the warmth of the whiskey. They walked towards Clard Street. Howard was happy. Sure had been easy so far. A pushover.

Howard put out a hand to stop him in front of the hotel. "This it?" the guy said, Howard nodded. They started up the stairs.

Then Mark stopped. "Wait . . . minute," he said. "I forgot something. I got to go to the drug store and get something to sober me up some. You wait here."

Hell, Howard thought. Maybe the guy wouldn't pass out. There might be some trouble rollin' him after all. He'd probly have to let him blow him. Or he might have to sock him after all. Maybe the guy was tryin' to pull a sneak. Howard looked after him anxiously. He wasn't at the soda fountain. He suddenly started towards the drug store, and then he saw Mark through the window, at the back counter. After a few minutes he came out again. Howard was relieved.

"Sure took you long enough," Howard said.

They started up the stairs. They were dingy and dirty. Mark hesitated, and then went on up, Howard behind him. When they got to the top a hard-looking guy in a green eyeshade looked up from behind a scarred counter. "You got a double room?"

"Yeah. Three bucks. Sign here."

Mark signed. Goddamnit, Howard thought, there goes three bucks I won't get.

"This way," the man said. He led them through an ill-lighted musty corridor and opened a door. An unshaded bulb hung from a dirty cord in the ceiling. The sheets were grey. The old iron bed was painted green. There was a table with a faded thin cover on it, a cheap mirror above the washbowl, a clothes-press. The furniture was rickety, and the mirror was flyspecked and stained. Howard could see they guy dint like it. He was lookin' disgusted.

"Sure don't look so hot," the guy said.

"Naw, but it'll do," Howard said, "for what we want."

The guy put a little package on the chair beside the bed and took off his coat, carefully hanging it in the clothes-press. Howard started to undress. He took off his leather jacket. The guy wouldn't think he was so hot when he smelled him. Jesus, he needed a bath. My armpits smell like hell. Okay, some queers like it dat way. T'guy better not say anyt'ing about me not wearin' a shirt. Or about t'tattoo on my arm—dat's somethin' sacred. 'Mom', with a heart and flowers wrapped around it. And Jesus, my shorts is dirty. Fulla holes. He looked at Mark's jockey-shorts. Might as well take them too.

He took off his underwear and got into bed. "Ain't much blankets on here."

Mark was still looking worried. "No," he said.

"I reckon we kin keep warm somehow, hey buddy?"

"Yeah."

The guy snapped off the light and sat on the edge of the bed. There was some light coming in through

the transom. The guy walked over to open the window a little. Howard watched him. Then the guy pulled off his jockey shorts and opened the package. Jesus, it was vaseline, vaseline and some rubbers. Well, he could if he had to. Sometimes it was fun. Take 'em hard and make 'em holler. He pretended to be asleep.

The guy crawled into bed, yawning. He hadn't touched him yet. He must be purty drunk. He kinda collapsed with a sigh, and then purty soon he commenced breathin' regular . . .

Well, hell! Passed out. Sooner than you expected. Too good to be true. Out like a light. Howard smiled. But better not start too soon. Make sure he was really out.

Howard lay still for about a half-hour listening to the noises of the street. Someone else came and took the room next to theirs. And the guy never moved all that time. Clear out. Howard said, "Hey man!" softly. No answer. The guy was really poundin' the pillow. Howard waited five more minutes and then swung his long hairy legs silently out of bed. Still no sound or movement. Jesus, wouldn't the guy be madder'n hell when he woke up. Cautiously Howard stepped over the floor. The boards squeaked in one spot and he stood still, his heart beating heavily, his mouth dry. Finally he reached the clothes-press. Then he turned around to look. Mark was still sleeping. He'd sure had a lotta lick. He'd pay for it.

Howard slid his hand into the inside coat pocket of Mark's jacket. The wallet was there. He took it and held it in one hand. With the other he went hastily through the rest of the pockets. There was a pipe and a tobacco pouch. A watch and chain. A case with glasses in it, which he put back. A couple of handkerchiefs, one not too clean. There was about eighteen smackers in the wallet, near as he could judge. He dropped the pants on the floor. The guy'd probably have to walk home—no change for carfare.

He left the press and paused in the middle of the room. "Hey!" he said again, softly. Still no answer. Jesus, he really was poundin' his ear. The air blew into the room in a sudden gust. It was cold, and Howard, a tall naked white shadow shivered a little.

Then he tiptoed slowly and carefully over to the bed on the side where the guy was sleeping. He took up the jockey-shorts from the chair and put them on. In the dim halflight he looked at the shirt. He'd come in without one—easy as hell to wear one out. He put it on. Jesus, would dat guy be mad.

He looked at the bed. "Hey!" he said. There was still no answer. Then he put on his levis and his leather jacket, and zipped up the front of it. A nice clean shirt. It sure felt good to have a nice clean shirt on again.

It was gettin' a lot colder in the room. Let the goddam fruit freeze to death. The mudder had it comin' to him. Standing at the door before he opened it, Howard felt a sudden hot hatred for the body lying on the bed. Why not put t'bastid outa his

misery? He took a step towards Mark, and clenched his fists violently. Goddamn queer.

Triggered by the word, a momentary vision flooded through Howard's head. It was a haymow, and he was young, a skinny kid, and his best buddy was sitting there in front of him, halfway up the stack of hay, his crotch on an eye-level with Howard's face. And he felt again his buddy's hand on the back of his head, pulling him forward, forward and down, a smell of something else, far more subtly male, a sudden push...

Standing there in the room, there was a red flash and then a white one behind Howard's eyes. He brought his fist to his mouth and bit his knuckle hard. "Goddamn queer," he said softly, and started again toward Mark. They oughtn't allow bastards like him to live. But he'd never kill a guy, and dis wasn't the time to start. The clerk'd remember him.

But his hate had to have some outlet. He went to the bedside and picked up the vaseline. Then he went to the clothes-press. He opened the tube and took a thick glob on the end of his finger. He picked up one of Mark's shoes and smeared it on the inside as far as he could reach. The shoes didn't even stink. Then he did the same thing with the other shoe. He took the rest of the tube of grease and smeared it down the inside of Mark's coatsleeves.

The guy turned over in bed. Howard stopped. His heart was heavy and full in his chest. Maybe he'd better get t'hell out. But his hate was not yet satisfied. He walked over to the trousers lying in a heap on the floor, picked them up, unzipped his fly, and held them close. When he had finished he dropped the sodden pants back on the floor. Wisps of faint steam rose from them. Then he walked to the window, and quietly raised it as far as it would go. Maybe the guy would get pneumonia. Serve him right. The goddamn queer.

That was all. He put his hand on the doorknob and started to turn it. It was locked. His hand felt for the key. It was not there. For a wild moment he panicked. For gossake, mebbe the guy had hid t'key. Or took it to bed with him. He'd really wake up if Howard went feelin' around. Maybe make noise. But hell, t'guy was weak. That'd not be no trouble.

Then he thought that maybe the key had fallen out of the lock. He bent over and felt around the floor. Sure, there it was. Howard was relieved. He picked it up and put it in the lock. He opened the door just wide enough to squeeze out. The line of light fell on the guy's soppy-wet clothes on the floor. He smiled grimly and shut the door. Now, to get past the clerk.

The clerk looked up. "You leavin'?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"How about the other feller?"

Howard was nonchalant. "He says not to wake him till mornin'. He's all steamed up, man, and wantsa sleep it off."

The clerk looked suspicious. But then he said, "Okay," and started to write in his book again.

Howard went quickly down the stairway. He felt the cold air with relief. He was sweating a little.

As soon as he was on the street, he stepped into a doorway and took out the guy's wallet and looked at it. Purty nice. Sure enough, t'guy's name was Mark, on t'inside. He hastily counted the money. Sixteen smackers, three fims and a buck. He looked at the papers in the wallet. A liberry card, a membership card to the Stra-Strat-o-sphere Club. Just junk. No use keepin' 'em. He was about to throw them away when he saw a railroad ricket among the cards. A ticket to Detroit. He squinted at it. Still good, too. Detroit—next stop. Hell, he could go all over t'whole country rollin' guys like dis. A cinch.

He held the watch up to the light and examined it. A purty good one. Oughta bring about ten in a hockshop—good chain on it, too, old-fashioned, with a little square gold badge hangin' from it. The guy's name was on the back of the badge. Make it hard to hock.

He threw the papers down a sewer grating. He stuck the watch in his pocket. Then he pulled out the guy's pipe and lit it. With a long streamer of smoke trailing over his shoulder he turned and walked north, disappearing into the night.

* * *

Back at the hotel, Mark went out to the desk. The clerk pushed up his eyeshade and blinked. "Whatever happened, Mr. Brian?"

Mark grinned ruefully and pulled his topcoat collar tighter around his shirtless neck. "I'm a mess," he said. "We really got a psycho this time."

The desk clerk shook his head doubtfully. "They'll find you with a shiv in your back some night," he said. "How'd you work it this time? You call from the drug store, like always?"

"Yeah," said Mark. He shook his leg and made a face. "I'm damn damp," he said. He looked at the clock over the desk. "They've got him by now," he said. "Bet you he didn't get two blocks away."

The clerk was still dubious. "Can't understand why you take all that trouble," he said.

Mark leaned on the desk confidentially. "Well, I'll tell you, Charlie. Fruits are a nuisance sometimes. But the chief says long as we got this new law protectin' 'em, the cops gotta help 'em stay in one piece."

The clerk rubbed his stubbled chin. "Jackrollers are a bad bunch," he said. "I reckon they really are worse than queers." Mark smiled. "Yeah," he said. And then he leaned close again. "I'll tell you something else, Charlie."

"Yeah?"

"I'm going to bring another one in tomorrow night. Had my eye on him for quite awhile. But Charlie—" he paused, and smiled again. "Charlie, this time we won't be out until morning." He winked. "And don't you go calling the cops when I don't show up, because remember, Charlie—it's legal now."

